



HIS THANKSGIVING.



EXPRESSIONS OF what he said and what he meant. He always wanted to be away from town on these dull winter holidays. And he had always been very fortunate in the matter of invitations. This year he had been asked to go up the Hudson to the De Pettis place. And now that was spoiled, old Mrs. De Pettis having been so inconsiderate as to die of heart disease the week previous, the invitations for the house-party were all recalled. And Lorimer had the pleasing prospect of a long, stupid day in his bachelor apartment varied by an evening at the club, perhaps, though he meant not to show himself there, if possible, owing to the likelihood of meeting Sargent, who never was asked anywhere by well people and who would rejoice in jealous consequence at Lorimer's disfigurement.

With these thoughts the young bank attaché, whose hours were immaterial, his uncle being president of the bank, and whose income was the result of a legacy rather than of his salary, endeavored to compose himself to slumber, and again, after troubled dreams, awakened to a gray November dawn. "It's that confounded Thanksgiving day," he grumbled, turned over and tried again to sleep. "The day is a dreadful one," he meditated; "it's a plebeian feast in every sense. The upper classes require no one to tell them when and for what to pray; they know enough to render thanks to the Lord every day in the year—especially Sundays in church like decent Christians. As for this gorging oneself on ordinary barnyard fowl, it thoroughly wearies me."

Unexpressed boredom, Mr. Wilson Lorimer fell into another doze, which presently became slumber, and lasted till noon. Not employing a valet, and having given the young colored lad who cared for his rooms and made his coffee on a patent gas arrangement from a drop tube strict orders not to appear until midday, he suffered no disturbance. Chris, the boy in question, had therefore just arrived and was busy fixing the bath, when Mr. Lorimer opened his eyes. It was not Chris who awakened him, however, but the persistent, incessant ringing of the street bell.

"For heaven's sake," said Lorimer, "go down and see what idiot is doing that!"

"Chris obeyed promptly," though it meant four flights of stairs; but he

"What the deuce—" yelled the young gentleman, who then made use of a stronger word. "Come in here. What are you doing with a woman out there? Come in and shut the door—she's made a mistake. She's looking for another man. I don't know her."

"No, you don't shut the door," the woman screamed; "no you don't, Mr. Lorimer. I'm your wife, and I won't be thrown out. Oh! I've had a hard enough time to find you these two years. I've worked my way across the continent to find you. Oh, yes! it's easy to marry a poor girl out in the wild mountains of the west and then get tired of her and desert her when her twin babies are only a month old, so she can't follow you. Oh, yes, Will Lorimer—"

Mr. Lorimer gave a hoarse shriek and fell back on his folding-bed so heavily that it nearly closed up with him. Chris, having heard the wild cry, banged the door shut in the furious woman's face and came in, looking scared.

"My Mr. Lorimer, but she's got 'em bad! Wouldn't blame any man for leaving her. Golly, but she's mad!"

"Oh, Chris!" returned the gentleman, faintly. "I—I swear I don't remember any woman out west. There was a girl, but I didn't look at her much. But she—she seems to know my name and the time I went out there and came back. Oh! I don't know—what does she mean—what does she look like? Quick, tell me; she's kicking the door in. The people down stairs will be up in a minute. What shall I do?"

Perspiration was on his forehead. "She ain't bad looking," said Chris, "she's kind of short and thick. She's got yellow hair cut short and curly and seems like she touched up her cheeks with paint. Looks kind of tough."

Lorimer groaned.

"She's yelling again. Go there, Chris, go and save the door. Hear her. She says she's got the twins down stairs. Oh, what will I do if the squalling brats come up here. She's telling the names of the fellows I was with—see that—Crosby—Burtan—"

Oh, she knows something. What if I did it when I was drunk—married that slangy, horrid thing? She had yellow hair that curled—she might have cut it—what if I did it—this dreadful thing—and had—this dreadful thing—oh, but—twins and deserts—wasn't drunk—that couldn't be. I might look for a year, though I go—"

at again—and—question her. Say I'm sick and ask her all about it. Tell her I never did anything so wicked—and all the circumstances have slipped my memory. Get the particulars."

Chris flew out and shut the door behind him. At that instant the street bell began to ring again. Lorimer buried his face in the pillow and stopped his ears with the bath-robe. It was the twins perhaps. He forgot that two years old is young to reach a bell-baton.

The next he knew Chris had returned, letting himself and another in with the latch-key. Lorimer felt a hand on his shoulder and heard the voice of a former college chum and intimate friend.

"Hazard!" he gasped. "Is that you?"

"What's the row?" asked his friend.

"Oh, Hazard, that woman—you saw her; what shall I do? What will people think?"

"Well," said his friend, judicially, "you know it might seem queer to see a young blonde female at the door of a straight-laced fellow like yourself at this time of day. It's quite too early, my boy, or else it's quite too late. You ought to manage better."

"I think you might leave out your joke and help me a little," said Lorimer, scrambling to his feet in a fit of desperation. "Won't you, for heaven's sake, go out and send her away? It's easy to say I'm sick—say I've got smallpox or whooping cough or anything horrible, I beg of you. Offer her anything to go away. Tell her I don't remember the least thing about it."

"I'll do my best, old man," said Hazard, bravely, and hurried out.

Lorimer held his breath and crept near the door. Hazard was succeeding; it seemed. He had reduced the conversation to whispers, broken now and then by something like a sob.

After many moments Hazard came to report.

"I've fixed it, old fellow. She's agreed to compromise. I've promised her a lot of things—had to—"

"What did you promise?" Lorimer wrapped his bath robe closer and looked resolute.

"Well, first she says as to-day's Thanksgiving she requires a good dinner. She doesn't insist on Delmonico's—in fact, there are other places she might prefer—more select and expensive. A party of six would suit her—including herself and you—"

"What!" roared Lorimer. "She thinks I'll appear in public with her—"

"Hush! Go slow, old man. The twins won't be in evidence. She'll look better in evening dress. Then—as to the wine. There must be at least a dozen of champagne and a box of cigars for each of the six."

"Drive her away!" cried Lorimer. "She'll ruin me! Drive her away!"

"Hush, hush! There—she heard you; she's kicking the door again. Oh, well, you've spoiled it all; there's no use trying to help some people."

"I'll agree—I'll agree," gasped Lorimer exhaustedly. "I'll agree."

"All right, I'll tell her."

The kicking ceased. Hazard came back. "She says for you to call out loudly in your own voice that you promise."

"I promise!" yelled Lorimer.

"On your honor as a gentleman?"

"On my honor as a gentleman. Well, why doesn't she go away?"

"She's straightening her hat; it comes off."

"But, I say, Hazard, it's an infernal shame. I—"

"Old man, I'm afraid it's all too true."

"That I married her?" Lorimer's knees trembled.

"Well, perhaps not you yourself exactly. But some one else might have used your name—pretended to be you—"

Lorimer jumped a foot high.

"Crosby! Crosby did it. It's his work. That woman's name is Crosby. She's his wife—and just to think that smooth-faced, innocent-looking—"

"Then why didn't you put your head out and let her see you weren't the man?"

"I'd do it now."

"I'll tell her then," Hazard ran to the entry. There was a scuffle and the door flew open.

"Keep her out!" cried Lorimer. "I don't want her to come in. Keep her out!" He sprang behind a screen.

"Keep her out!"

"I can't, old man," said Hazard, chokingly.

"Call Chris. Put her out!" Lorimer bobbed up and down, frantically. The woman made a wild dash at him and seized his hair. There was a

struggle; the screen overturned; the door rolled over and over.

"I say," said Hazard, "for goodness sake, get up and take off that torgery. You can't play football in petticoats. Lorimer, there's no use getting mad. It was only a little lark. We thought you'd see through the champagne and cigars."

"Of all idiotic foolery," began Lorimer, disgustedly, as he got up and rearranged his draperies. "To come to a man's house at daybreak and make fools of yourselves! Why don't you hire a wagon and parade the streets with penny trumpets? Of course that dinner business falls through."

"Not a bit of it," the others cried in unison. "It was a promise on your honor as a gentleman."

Lorimer reflected. "But what if I have another engagement?"

"Oh, that's all right. You order the dinner; we'll eat it."

"But I haven't though," he immediately added. "To tell the truth, I'm awfully obliged to you fellows. I hadn't a thing in view; I was just going to be bored to death."

"Ha, and we saved you," said Crosby.

"Yes," put in Hazard, "we've made it a day of real Thanksgiving for you. I'd like to know how."

"Why, you've a heap to be thankful for, old man; you ought to be wild with joy that it isn't true."

"What?"

"The wife and children."

"Oh, go away, please. I'd really like to be allowed to dress. I'll meet you fellows at Del's at 6."

STATES AND NATION.

Some Differences About Observance of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is a legal holiday in the United States. It is set apart as a day upon which all the people may join in returning thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of the year. All the states do not join with the national government in the Thanksgiving. Some states in the south and west, though recognizing the day in spirit, set apart for observance, some other day than that designated in the presidential proclamation. In 1893 the state of Oregon had two separate days for Thanksgiving, the governor refusing to observe the presidential proclamation sent from Washington. Those opposed to the governor's course celebrated the national holiday while those loyal to the governor gave thanks on the day set apart by him.



THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Its Discovery Caused the First Thanksgiving Day in England.

The first Thanksgiving day in England followed the discovery of the "Gunpowder Plot." Had that plot been successful a majority of the then rulers of England would have been blown into eternity without a moment's warning. Parliament had passed a bill making it a penalty for Catholics to worship in public. The law met with considerable opposition and endeavors were being made to repeal it. While parliament was in session one Guy Fawkes, succeeded smuggling 100 barrels of gunpowder into the coal dumps of the parliament buildings. The plot was discovered in time to save what would have proved one of the greatest crimes of Christianity. The manner in which it was discovered was believed to be the work of God, and thanksgiving praises were ordered throughout the kingdom. Only in recent years was the custom abandoned.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Thanksgiving May Have Originated with the Hebrews.

The best authority we have on the subject says that the custom of Thanksgiving originated with Moses. A writer in an English encyclopedia, however, says that it is quite probable that the custom antedates the deliverance of the Israelites. The Hebrews were accustomed to celebrate piteous harvests, but when famine came there was no day of thanksgiving. It was after the dawn of the Christian era that the custom assumed a national character. The first national day of Thanksgiving followed the recognition of the Christian religion by the Roman rulers.

Surely a Mistake.

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who know him best can say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf.

The doctor was called in and after investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman.

"Act phwat?" said she.

"Actinomycosis," replied the doctor.

"Him?" cried Mrs. Mike. "Ah, doctor, how can you say that? A little man like Mike couldn't hold the name of it, much less the disease that goes with it!"

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A New York man was fined \$100 for kissing his stenographer.

Three-fourths of the inventions used in bookbinding are American.

The Philadelphia college of pharmacy has a student named Pellett.

A life-saving gun, used for firing ropes over and into burning buildings has recently been added to the equipment of the Atlanta fire department.

The most ancient tombs in the world, so far as known, are those of the Theban kings of Egypt. They are believed to be more than 4,000 years old.

In the Jewish marriage the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the left.

The German government has issued an edict to the effect that the names for new babies must be taken only from the bible, and the roll of princes and national heroes.

The face of George Washington in the interior of the Washington monument at the national capital has been deprived of its nose. A relic-hunter did it with his little hammer.

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